

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at Salem, Columbia Co., Ohio, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is Edited by BENJAMIN S. and J. ELIZABETH JONES; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No Union with Slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an Abolitionist can occupy, and as the best means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet, and subscribers may take their choice of the following

TERMS.

\$1.50 per annum, if paid within the first 6 months of the subscriber's year. If paid before three months of the year has expired, a deduction of 25 cents will be made, reducing the price to \$1.25. If payment be made in advance, or on the receipt of the first number, 50 cents will be deducted, making the subscription but \$1. To any person wishing to examine the character of the paper, it will be furnished 6 months, for 50 cents in advance to all others 75 cents will be charged.

No deviation from these terms. We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All orders to the Publishing Agent, JAMES BARRETT.

From the Christian Citizen.

Fugitives from Slavery.

We had the pleasure, a few evenings since, of listening to the interesting recital of the escape of two Georgia Slaves, William and Eliza Crafts, from the prison house of bondage. They were man and wife; but, owned by different masters, they knew not how soon the hour of their separation might come. They saw in the workings of that abominable system which had degraded them to the level of brutes, though possessed of intelligence equal, if not superior, to those who claimed the ownership of their bodies, by what a frail and uncertain tenure they held that dearest of all relationships, that of husband and wife; and the agony of the thought that cupid or lust might divide them from each other at a moment's notice gave them the resolution to peril all, in one bold endeavor to secure the precious boon of freedom. It was an enterprise fraught with dangers and difficulties, from its commencement to its close. But that intuitive perception of the blessings of a condition of freedom, which no tyranny or degradation can eradicate from the human soul, gave them the courage of heart and keenness of wit that enabled them to overcome all, and plant their feet upon the soil of Massachusetts. It was a cold, wet, tempestuous night on which they stood there in the City Hall of Worcester, such a night as people love not to go abroad in; but yet, that spacious room was filled; filled, too, with a sympathizing audience, who manifested in their looks, and frequent bursts of rapturous applause, how deeply they were moved by the simple tale of that unlearned slave; how heartily they rejoiced in the success of his endeavors, and how gladly they welcomed him and the partner of his lot to such freedom as the public sentiment of Massachusetts, not its laws can secure to them.

Should we say that we did not participate in the general joy that pervaded that audience, we should assert what was untrue; but there were sentiments and feelings connected with the hour, that filled our mind with saddening thoughts, and gave a deeper seriousness to our reflections. While we rejoiced over those two, who had so far escaped, we could not forget the three millions more like them, still clanking their chains and wasting their lives under the tyranny of the torturing lash of the plantation overseer. We thought of the barons of our southern cities, towards which, even then, though it was the Sabbath, the worn and jaded slave coffers were wending their tortuous way from the northernmost slave states, states, to supply the "spring demand"—of the cotton planters of Carolina and Georgia, and the sugar growers of Louisiana and Texas. In our mind's eye, we beheld the revolting and diabolical scenes of the auction stand, where God's image is profanely exposed with the cattle of the field, the fowls of the air and the fish of the sea, and knocked off to the highest bidder. We saw how, be-

neath the very droppings of Christ's sanctuaries, men's eyes were blinded by the glittering sheen of the almighty dollar, so that they did not see these suffering ones for whom he died, how their ears were stopped, so that they could not hear their cries for succor; how their tongues were paralyzed by a slavish fear, so that they dared not even lift up their voices in their behalf, in prayer, to God who hath said in his law, "Rob not the poor because he is poor, neither oppress the afflicted in his gate: for the Lord will plead their cause and spoil the soul that spoileth them."

And there were other thoughts that came thronging into our mind, more saddening still. We turned from the South to our own loved New England, and we saw how black were her hands with the crime, and how crimson were her garments with the blood of the slave. By our side sat a friend who informed us that he had, the day before, heard the exhortation of a minister of Christ to one of his flock, that he would not go to hear the story of the wrongs of the slave, because "none but the rabble went to such meetings," "None but the rabble!" Ah! we bethought us then of the Christianity of the olden time—of Jesus his founder, who not only taught in the temples among the doctors and learned men, but sat down to meat with those who followed him, the publicans and sinners of his age; and the memorable rebuke which he administered to his disciples, for their censure of that act, "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."

We bethought us too, of the parable of the hundred sheep—of the Savior's commendation of the shepherd, who, when one of them should have fallen into a pit, would leave the ninety and nine, and go, even on the Sabbath day, to rescue the one that was lost. We seemed to hear that searching question, "how much better is a man than a sheep?" and seeing these millions of our fellow beings sunk down, down into the lowest pit of human degradation and despair, and men taking his name vainly upon their lips, endeavoring to keep them by counsels such as this man gave, squeezing out the vitality of the Christian dispensation, with the bigoted selfishness of the world's rudest ages, we trembled for the future, that in nineteen centuries, the light of the Star of Bethlehem should be so dimly seen by those who profess always to hold the world's moral telescope to their eyes.

It was a gladsome spectacle, to be sure, to behold these fortunate fugitives exulting in their escape; but it was painful to think that even here in the heart of this old commonwealth, they were not for a moment safe. It was humiliating to consider that the legislative power of the state, even though the people who constitute that legislative power possessed the will: because in some old compromises that our forefathers made with the oppressors of this man and woman—in some political bargain made by Massachusetts and Georgia, away back in revolutionary times, the Christianity of Massachusetts was thrown in as bait, and she gave her consent that the covetous desires of the slaveholder to regain his human chattels should be paramount with her to the commandments of God; that her soil should be the hunting-ground of the negro driver and his posterity; that nowhere in all the length and breadth of her territory, should there be one inch of ground upon which the slave should stand erect, in the majesty of his freedom, and say, I too am a man; or one roof so sacred that he might sleep, untroubled by the torturing dreams of that terrible condition which every where impends, and to which he may at any moment be again borne, with no power to resist and no hope of escape.

It seems to us that we of the north do not fully appreciate our position in this matter. We frankly confess that we never before felt it in its full force until the other evening, when we listened to the narrative of William Crafts. We talk about this country as a free country, and of our old Massachusetts as a free state; but what a mockery a great deal of our talk is. Why, in our compromises with slavery, we have not only nullified God's laws, but placed ourselves in a position more degrading than the meanest subjects of the worst despots that ever cursed the earth. Why, even old Pagan Rome had one little spot in the temples of some of her divinities, to which even the fugitives from justice might flee for shelter, and from which no rude hand of violence might tear him away. Mid the feudal barbarism of the middle ages, those much despised popes, prelates and monks established the institution of the "Truce of God," by which in every land some place was made sacred against violence, oppression and wrong, by which the lives of all unarmed and defenceless people were protected, and their persons and property secured. Un-

der some of the worst despots that ever wielded the sceptre of our father-land, the poorest Englishman could boast that "his house was his castle," into which the harpies of the law could never enter but to arrest him for crime against the state. But how is it with us? Have we a spot sacred to freedom in our Christian temples, as the Romans had in theirs? Have we a "Truce of God," by which we can protect the panting fugitive, fleeing from the baying blood hounds upon his track? Can any of us say my house is my castle, and over its door all slave hunters can pass? All show us a "Truce of God," a "Truce of God," that knowledge might inspire us to effort and action in the noble cause of emancipating the slave, or at least in giving him the protection of our laws when he has succeeded in emancipating himself.

We know it will be said by some, that here in Massachusetts the slave is really free—that a public opinion hostile to slavery protects him, without the need of special laws designed for that end. But, with all deference to those opinions, we deny that there is that protection, and assert that there is no evidence to sustain such conclusions. Here in the heart of Worcester county, the spot above all others where the strongest anti-slavery sentiment prevails, of any county in the state, we have no reason to doubt, but the Georgia slaveholder would find the fit instrument to execute his purpose, of recovering possession of the human being he claims as his property, and that he would meet with entire success. Public opinion when it is right, is very good as far as it goes; but we want something more than that. We want our right public opinion, if we have it, incorporated into our laws, so that the rights of hospitality shall not be considered a crime. We want the statute book of Massachusetts to conform to the statutes of the New Testament.

We feel insulted if it is denied that we are a religious people, and, as a community, we boast a great deal of our high Christian attainments; but how hollow appear all our professions, when tested by our deeds! A justice's warrant for the arrest of a fugitive slave, can overpower the religious sentiment of a whole community; as easily as the mountain torrent can overpower the fragile force of that which grows upon its bank. A constable's staff, in the hands of that official, is more than a match for the united moral power of the greatest cities. Before the writ of the sheriff, made out "in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," the writs of all the Evangelists, the precepts of Jesus, the stone tablets of Sinai, become but as waste paper and rubbish. Yes, brethren, these are no flights of fancy; but sober, serious truths, which it becomes us, as rational, moral, accountable beings, carefully to consider. The laws of Massachusetts, or of any other state, so long as they tolerate slave-hunting on their soil, are based upon a denial of Christianity; and they who do not labor and strive for their amendment, with all the energy with which God has endowed them, are guilty in his sight, of denying by their deeds, what they profess on their lips. "Let us labor while it is day; for the night cometh when no man can work."

T. D.

From the New Orleans Crescent.
Henry Clay's Letter.

If the day for the beginning of the system of gradual emancipation be fixed for the year 1860, as recommended by the letter of Mr. Clay, and the proprietors in the interval retain all their rights, and particularly the right of removing their slaves from beyond the reach, or operation of the system, we can see no other result than their banishment from Kentucky to other slaveholding States. The evils which would flow from such a course to the extreme South, we have referred to before, and it is unnecessary to particularize them here—with a lessened power of resistance, we should be exposed to more vigorous attacks, and would have perhaps the number of our enemies, and among the bitterest among them, the States which had but recently got rid of their slaves by forcing them upon us. It may be said that this sending of slaves out of the State would not be done by many of the people of Kentucky. That they would, on the contrary, endeavor in good faith to carry the law into execution. This is founded altogether on the assumption that the great body of the people of Kentucky are blessed with more generosity of disposition than falls to the lot of common mortals, where questions of pecuniary interest are involved; and we have not so much confidence in improbabilities as to repose any faith in its truth, or to rely at all upon result anticipated from it.

That slavery will be abolished in Kentucky by the coming Convention there is now no doubt; all the leading men in the State are in favor of it; it is for the

interest of the State to substitute free labor, the scheme may be carried out without much if any loss, and it will show of liberality which will gain the praise of magnanimity from the untiring. If the result were even doubtful, the stand taken by Mr. Clay, is so no longer. And now, in view of the certainty which stares them in the face, it becomes the duty of other States to take care of themselves; to promote their soil from this new and dangerous invasion of a hundred and ninety years of the population which Kentucky is so worthless, that she will no longer tolerate it within her borders.

They must erect barriers against this threatened influx of an off cast surplus of humanity which can do them no good, and may in every way do them evil. If Kentucky will abolish slavery, force her to take all the responsibility of the act—if she will join the northern allies, let her do so at her own cost—if she be anxious no longer to make common cause with the South, she has the right to go over, but there is no reason why the other Southern States should build a bridge to facilitate her passage.

A SLAVE'S REVENGE.—We learn from the Danville (Va.) Register, that on Saturday week, a negro woman, belonging to John James, of Wentworth, N. C., brutally murdered his only child, an interesting little daughter, about three years old, and also a negro boy belonging to the same gentleman, and a few years older than the little girl, by cutting their throats with a case knife. She enticed the children into the woods, and whilst sawing upon the boy's throat, who she afterwards had the coolness to declare "kicked mightily," the simple but touching appeals of the innocent little girl were pleading for his release. The little girl was singering about with the blood streaming from her hanged throat, when the inhuman wretch left the bloody scene. The citizens turned out en masse and arrested her, and it was feared for a while they would lynch her. Her excuse is that her master had threatened to sell her, for a misdemeanor.

Shall he be Hung?

In Boston jail lies a colored man, a sailor, named Washington Goode, under sentence of death. The day of execution is fixed for the 25th of May next. Some, well acquainted with the facts of the case, entertain the most serious doubts of his guilt; while constantly and most confidentially, he affirms his entire innocence. The verdict rests on circumstantial evidence of the most flimsy character, and the source from which most even of this comes, is most suspicious—men and women of more than doubtful reputation. The main point of the case seemed to be, whether Goode really was the individual seen, at midnight, of a dark and rainy night, by persons on the other side of the street from the individual they declare to be him. We know how utterly unreliable, how extremely open to mistake, is this testimony as to personal identity.

Further—this man is friendless, ignorant and neglected; and there are those who fear that a desire to see whether, after the repeated commutations of punishment, the penalty of death can be inflicted in Massachusetts—a desire to test the question, or, in language sometimes heard, "This man shall be hung, or the law formally repealed," has had some weight in dooming this friendless wanderer on the face of society, to the gallows. There have been several outrages of late; many condemned to death have been allowed to live in prison: it is about time to take one life, and show we can: this man has few to care for him—he is a negro, &c. &c. Such is the reasoning which is too often heard.

Now, our view is, such is just the individual who should be spared. Ignorant, friendless, degraded, what good can spring from such an example! All thinking men will look upon it, viewed in connection with the many who have been spared, as a barbarous and dastardly murder. To one whose society most prominently injured—doomed, with such inevitable certainty, to ignorance and vice, by cruel prejudice and wicked statutes, in almost every part of the country—the child of an abused race. Let it not be said that the last man Massachusetts bore to hang was a colored man.—*Liberator.*

From the Ram's Horn (N. Y.)
A DISTINCTION CONFERRED.

The Central College of this State has recently appointed Mr. Charles L. Reason, of this city, Professor of Languages and Belles Lettres; the duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1849. We do not know whether Mr. Reason has accepted this appointment, which is alike honorable to him and to the institution whence it emanates. A teacher, from his boyhood, has the requisite experience, an ardent student of letters and mathematics, he has the acquirements, which added to an enthusiasm in his profession, a most winning manner and a high toned moral constitution, together constitute in him an ornament to any college in the land. Few men among us have made greater sacrifices for the cause of sound education, and well does he deserve the goal he has reached. In overcoming the obstacles which prejudice against color, and the absence of college training have placed in his path, he affords an instance of the triumph of industry combined with a stern but

quiet reliance upon principle. We trust that the noble stand in behalf of Human Equality, which the Central College takes, in this appointment, may meet with warm and substantial testimony in its favor, especially on the part of our people, whenever the agent of the college shall call upon them for a mite towards its support. We cannot but remark, in this connection, that of the three men, whom a distinguished Prelate attempted to unseat in the matter of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, one is in his early and lamented grave, the second is a full student in the Ancient and renowned University of Cambridge, England; the third is appointed Professor in an American College!

The World is Improving.

It is pleasant to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have in the course of ages, become not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history of lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands, of decent station, were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murder Tories, and Tories were disposed to murder Whigs. Whigs were disposed to die without seeing their bones buried before their face. Tories reviled and insulted Russell as his coach passed by the Tower to the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of an humble rank.

One offender be put in a pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brick-bats and paving-stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed around him imploring the hangman to give it to the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court-days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galloped horse, or an over-driven ox. Fights, compared with which a boxing match is a refined and humane spectacle, were among the favorite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes gathered to see gladiators hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisoners were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of disease. At the assizes, the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock an atmosphere of stench and pestilence which sometimes avenged them signally on bench and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has in our time, extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave; which pries into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship, which wings at every last look on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or over-worked, and which has repeatedly endeavored to save the life of even the murderer.—*Macaulay.*

OF THE MEXICAN PROTOCOL, the Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Express, under date of 19th March thus writes:—

"I learn beyond what I have before said, it has been a subject of controversy between the official representatives of the two Governments, but the correspondence has decided nothing, and the subject was bequeathed to the new Administration by the late dominant party, as one of the most intricate, perplexing and difficult to be disposed of."

The Mexican Minister claims that to all intents and purposes the so called "Protocol" is a part of the Treaty, and that without the explanatory provisions it could never have been "approved and signed" by the Executive and Ministers of the Mexican Government.

The answer is, that the Mexican Congress approved the treaty, independently of the Protocol, and before the Protocol was signed, and that the explanations were an after act. The response is that it was no treaty without the official signatures, and that the Executive was a part of the treaty-making power, and the only negotiator known to the Mexican Government.

The replication again is that the treaty as approved by the Senate and Executive here is left open only to the fair construction of the original text by both governments. There are points enough to make the controversy interminable. The Senate here, however, never knew any thing of the Protocol until it was recently brought to light. They are, therefore, called to disavow it, and the construction put upon it by the Mexican Government. It has been deemed necessary by some to raise this question before the payment of the second instalment of the \$15,000,000. All this trouble arises in consequence of Mr. Polk's declining to lay the Protocol before the Senate, and from his instructions to his negotiators."

THE LOSS OF HONOR.—It is stated in Long's Residence in Norway, that the punishment of death was abolished in that country about the latter end of the last century. But the punishment which is the most effective, and which affords conclusive proof of the high loss of thought and feeling pervading a whole people, forming one of the most distinguished characteristics of that country, is that of Loss of Honor. This from the earliest time was a specified effective punishment in the criminal law of Norway, standing next in degree to the loss of life. The loss of honor

is not regarded by this people as an unmerited and trivial punishment, as it would be among almost every other nation, but it is viewed with a great dread, as a terrible visitation. Many offices of trust, as committees for various purposes, valuations, arbitrators, or jurymen, to say nothing of more dignified situations, devolved on the people under the superintendence of the legal authorities. The exclusion from these affairs and functions, which of course, the legal sentence of the loss of honor produces, is a punishment so severely felt, that there are instances of culprits, after that portion of punishment consisting in slavery for a certain period, had been completed, returning to their chains, committing on purpose some petty offence, rather than live as outcasts under the sentence of dishonor, among their former friends.

NEWSPAPER CASE.—The following case was recently decided in the Supreme Court at Bristol, R. I.

Jasper Harding vs. Henry D'Wolf, action of assumpsit for the recovery of nine years' subscription to the Pennsylvania Inquirer, a newspaper published at Philadelphia.

It was proved on the part of the plaintiff that the name of the defendant was on the subscription book from 1835 to 1844; that the paper was regularly enclosed in a wrapper directed to the defendant and deposited in the Post Office in that city. Bills for the paper had also been forwarded. The defendant had denied ever having ordered the paper.

The Court ruled that the regular mailing of a newspaper for a length of time was at least prima facie evidence of its reception and that receiving a paper for a certain time and not ordering the same discontinued, was sufficient to hold a person liable for the subscription price, notwithstanding he may never have ordered the paper sent. Verdict for plaintiff.

In the formation of a single locomotive steam engine there are not less than five thousand four hundred and sixteen pieces to be put together, and these require to be as accurately adjusted as the works of a watch.

Capital Punishment in Michigan.

Notwithstanding all the stories told of the awful prevalence of Murder in Michigan since hanging was abolished, they don't seem to make much headway in getting it restored. It was to have been done in a hurry this Winter, but the documents do not confirm the sanguine anticipations.

The Lansing Free Press of the 26th inst., says:—
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—In the House of Representatives, on the 13th, Mr. Ferguson, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported that, "in the opinion of the Committee, it is not advisable to change the existing laws requiring the crime of murder to be punished by imprisonment for life in the State Prison." The report was accepted, and the Committee discharged from the farther consideration of the subject.

James Rothbird and Richard Stevens were arrested on Wednesday, at Baltimore, for kidnapping and attempting to sell as a slave a free negro boy named James Smith who was brought to Baltimore in the brig Amesbury, from New-York, and Monday last was taken to Donovan's jail, on Camden street, and offered for sale. Rothbird and Stevens acknowledging that he was free, but stating that he could easily be run 'thru' to the South and sold for a good price. Donovan refused to buy the boy. On Wednesday Rothbird and Stevens offered him for sale to George W. Grant. Grant suspecting the parties, took them down to Justice Gray's office under the pretence of having the deed of sale executed. On arriving there they were arrested, and being fully identified by Donovan, were committed by Justice Gray. The boy was also committed on the charge of conspiracy to defraud Mr. Grant.

IRELAND.—According to some accounts, the poorer classes in some parts of Ireland are now suffering from famine even to a greater extent than in any former year. A letter from a clergyman in the county of Mayo states, that hundreds of individuals around him were dying of starvation! A letter from Dublin, published in the New York True Sun, says:—

"The country is cropping with work-houses. The jails and prisons are filling with criminals. The strong man dies and his body becomes a carnival for rats. The corpses are huddled, unburied, into the sand. The land is abandoned. The strong laborers and the well-to-do farmers are flying to your Western shores. In some cases, the priests are throwing up their parishes, in others they are postulating for out-door government relief. Famine and pestilence are sweeping the remnant of the Irish race, which has no power to emigrate, off the face of the island."

Rev. Mr. Burroughs, a Methodist minister, being attacked at Sandy Hill, Worcester Co. Pa., by a Mr. Bishop, who owed him an old grudge, shot him dead in self-defense as he alleged. He has surrendered himself to await the result of a judicial investigation.

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Michigan, making the selling, giving, or in any way furnishing liquor to Indians, an offense punishable by imprisonment.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

Annexation of Cuba.

The Charleston Courier of the 29th has a rather rich development of the hitherto abortive machinations of our slaveholding masters to get possession of Cuba. They went about the matter with great secrecy and stern resolution, but it seems they have managed it with little tact and less success. Last fall the New York Herald announced that negotiations had been opened by Mr. Saunders, our Minister at Madrid, for the purchase of Cuba. Our own government kept officially silent, but as soon as a denial came from the Spanish government, ours officially paraded that as a sufficient refutation of the story in the Herald.

But Mr. Thomas Cate Reynolds, who was Secretary of Legation at Madrid, and is moreover a Virginian, and as like to the great Don Nicholas P. Trist as one pea is like another, comes out with a long letter in the Charleston Courier, revealing almost all he knows of the matter, and he knows all about it, so far as so inflated, indirect, and trifling a document can reveal anything. If we people of the North should generally read this document, it would give them a very excited opinion of American diplomacy and Virginian diplomatists. Reynolds very nearly calls Saunders an imbecile fool, and he clearly establishes his own title to the same character, so far as his knavery allows room for it.

It seems that in May, 1847, Mr. Saunders left Madrid, giving charge of the legation to the Secretary, Mr. Reynolds. The latter, supposing that the British had a design to get Cuba, either by exchanging Gibraltar for it, or taking a mortgage on it to secure their debt of some \$350,000,000, (as he estimates it,) watched the operations of the British bondholders, and says he "took means simple but efficacious to protect the interests of the United States in that event." He immediately apprised Mr. Saunders of what he had done, and got the following very decisive and slaveholder-like letter in reply, dated Havre, July 19th, 1847:

"I have just received your note of the 7th. I am glad you made the inquiry as to the English debt. Should there be any danger, sooner than the English should get any lien on Cuba, I would stipulate for the United States to guarantee in some way the payment of the debt, on having a mortgage on Cuba. If you should ascertain that there is any foundation for your suggestion in regard to Cuba, you will at once call on the Minister of State, and request a suspension of the arrangement, until I can return, as I would at once come back if any plan of the kind was in agitation."

If Mr. Polk had instructed his minister to go as deep as to pay the whole Spanish debt to the British bondholders, he would probably impart such a secret to as few breasts as possible, and it seems that he must have been rather chary of it, at least in the opinion of his minister Saunders, for on the 21st of July, the minister wrote another letter from Havre to the Secretary of Legation, which the latter now publishes, showing that even Mr. Secretary Buchanan was not in full confidence of the slaveholders in regard to this delicate negotiation. This letter is as follows:

"What will Salamanca think of the threat contained in the letter of the committee of the bondholders to Lutz? Is it possible he had so little spirit as to receive such a document? As this matter is likely to be pressed on the Spanish government, I would write Mr. B. on the subject, had I full confidence in him; but as I have not, I shall reserve to myself the liberty of acting on the general instructions—assuming the responsibility of doing what the occasion may call for. I may therefore submit a proposition to the Minister."

In explanation of the mystery developed in this letter, Mr. Reynolds goes into a recital of the cases in which Mr. Polk had said one thing to his ministers and another to his Secretary of State, and makes a pretty consummate old fox of him. However, as Mr. Saunders had said he would not write to Buchanan, Reynolds thought that he would. So he wrote a volunteering despatch in which he ventured to express the opinion that Spain feared our attempts on Cuba more than she did British, &c., &c. And this was not enough; he magnifies himself very drolly by saying—

"To put an end to a question from which I apprehended much embarrassment to myself as well as danger to the interests of the United States, in case Mr. Saunders should prosecute his wild scheme of pledging our national faith for the payment of three hundred and fifty millions of dollars in order to obtain a more mortgage on Cuba, I communicated, unofficially, to an elevated employee of the Spanish government, the detailed information my despatch contained, in reference to the parties then urging their claims as bondholders. He expressed his acknowledgments for that unmaking of a shameless stock-jobbing scheme, and concurred with me in the conviction that the course I suggested, and which has since been partially followed, would place the Spanish government in a position to check any unwarrantable importunities on the subject."

After all, however, Saunders did write to Buchanan, asking what was best to be done. And Reynolds made a parade, for what purpose we can not understand, of having written other important despatches which he afterwards destroyed.

This very important Secretary of Legation also magnifies himself for the part he was going to take—not officially—to defeat the divorce of the Queen of Spain, a measure which Sir Henry Bulwer was supposed to be urging. What under heaven an American Legation has to do with the divorce or marriage of Queens, we do not know, but this fellow, Reynolds, seems to have considered it his duty, by hook or by crook, officially or unofficially, to defeat the schemes of the British minister, and was only prevented from doing something important in that direction by the firmness of the Spanish prime minister, which, with admirable composure, he says—

"Defeated the powerful combination formed to gratify the supposed wishes of the Catholic Queen, and I was relieved from the necessity of taking the active and decided, but unofficial steps which in the conferences between the French Minister (M. de Gluckberg) and myself, it had been agreed upon that I should take, in case the efforts of Sir Henry Bulwer rendered it absolutely neces-

sary to approach influences wielding great power over the mind of the sovereign herself."

Well, when a great nation employs a fool for an ambassador, of course it must put up with such revelations. In all this folly, however, he says he did not exceed his powers nor "disregard the stringent and even jealous instructions sent by Saunders." One piece of rascality, in which he participated, among these proceedings, he is going to keep secret! Hear him.

"In respect to one of those proceedings—relative to a supposed unreasonable correspondence concerning the establishment of a free negro republic in Cuba—I am disposed to be silent, because the Spanish government has determined (I think wisely), to preserve the most profound secrecy in regard to it."

O, Mr. Thomas Cate Reynolds, what a pity! Do tell us about that "negro republic," do.

Mr. Reynolds lets out that in regard to Mr. Forsyth's instructions in relation to Cuba, he felt bound to keep them concealed, till Mr. Cass unfortunately revealed them, in his speech on the Yucatan question. It seems that the slaveholders have meant to keep the whole matter concealed from the first, but the Northern allies have been leaky.

We gather from the verbosity of the mighty Mr. Reynolds that he was much displeased, not only with the conduct of Mr. Saunders, but of Mr. Polk and Mr. Cass, that he plotted to mystify Mr. Buchanan, and intended to manage the delicate matter much better for the slaveholders than any of them could have done, and more to the satisfaction of the whole country. He even tells us that if Mr. Cass had been elected he intended to have impeached Mr. Polk for transgressing his constitutional power in the matter. This is rich. Hear him again:

"Had Mr. Cass been elected, I should, though I am and always have been a decided member of the political party which chiefly supported him, have felt constrained to take the advice of some eminent counsel, learned in the law, concerning the proper legal mode (if any there be for a simple citizen of the United States) of bringing to the cognizance of the House of Representatives an Executive proceeding, which I humbly conceive to be not only beyond the constitutional power of the President or his agents, but violative of the constitutional rights of every citizen of the Union, contrary to good faith, derogatory to the dignity and eminently detrimental to the interests of our common country."

But as Old Zack, and not the car-Cass was elected, all this was rendered unnecessary, and Mr. Reynolds, through Mr. Botts, threw himself into the arms of General Taylor; about as rich a boon to his administration—as say Rev. C. W. Denison.

Reynolds, after his dismissal from the legation, which took place in July, 1848, at the request of Saunders, and before the latter had entered upon his unsuccessful negotiation for the purchase of Cuba, it seems having about the legation to get knowledge for use at home. And according to his own account he was pretty successful, though he came off long before the date of that remarkable letter in the Herald, the correctness of which he fully vouches for, and which we have no doubt originated in him.

The sublime Secretary of Legation, after showing up the entire ignorance and stupidity of the ambassador Saunders, glorifies himself for the important aid which he rendered to the legation and this particular negotiation, even after his dismissal. But the passage is too rich to withhold from our readers, and we give it at some length:

"Mr. Saunders wrote to me from La Grana for information of a most extended nature on several matters, which the knowledge I had already had of the nature of his instructions enabled me clearly to see was to be used in a negotiation for the purchase of Cuba. My official connection with the Legation had ceased entirely; the Secretary of State had carried his caution so far as to name the precise moment when that connection should be dissolved; I had been recalled at the request of Mr. Saunders himself, so strenuously, though secretly urged, as to place the late President, in what his Secretary of State was pleased to term the "painful necessity" of granting it; yet I promptly furnished him (Mr. Saunders) with all the information within my reach. (except a portion, which I should have been bound to give, if an officer of the United States government, but which, as I was not, I was, so-called, bound to withhold,) and received, in reply, his thanks for the data sent him."

"But while I had too much respect for the authority of the government and for our laws, to attempt any interference with the acts of its officers abroad, I had the fixed determination, as far as in me lay, to prevent any attempt to carry out such a scheme without a due and proper consultation, not merely of party cliques or political managers at Washington, but of the American people, in the widest sense of the term."

"I was also apprehensive that the question would be sprung upon the Democratic party, to which I belonged, and an attempt made to run Mr. Cass in upon that issue. Conceiving that the question was one that should be kept apart from party issues, I viewed such a contingency with some alarm. I also felt bound as a Southern man, and indeed as an American, to look to the proposed annexation of Cuba; for, in that event, by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of the *Amistad*, about one half of the slaves of Cuba would be freed, and as the laws of that island make no distinction between free whites and free blacks, the South and the Union might find in their bosoms a free negro communitarian, claiming the right to send free slaves as Senators to our Congress unless proper provisions were made in, or previous to the conclusion of the treaty, to secure the present *de facto* position of the white population of Cuba."

In such a predicament it is no wonder the profound Secretary of Legation should fear Cassism, and prefer to transfer himself over to the rising Taylor dynasty, as he did by unbecomingly himself to Botts.

The result of the whole negotiation Mr. Reynolds thus richly sums up:

"The question of annexation has been, for the present at least, set at rest, as far as negotiation is concerned, by the truly remarkable course of the late administration and the U. S. Legation at Madrid. That course the public may possibly suspect to be a succession of adroit maneuvers; it may dream of skillful management, of palace intrigues, of consultations with important representatives of Cuban wealth, or Cuban interests, disclosures of a genial glass of

wine, earnest conversations to bring over, or light jests to sound some grave diplomatist or minister of State, and all the other dazzling accompaniments of a racy diplomatic contest. Let it be understood, the history of the formidable instructions sent to Mr. Saunders, is as short as instructive. A formal conference was solicited, to sound the disposition of General Navaz.

"Our Envoy's English was diluted into French for the edification of that fiery soldier; in return, his energetic thoughts, torn out of their Castilian idiom, to be cramped up in a French dress, were again done into English for the convenience of Mr. Saunders. This linguistic entertainment soon grew irksome to the impatient Spaniard, and the conference was speedily but courteously terminated. Thus ended this celebrated negotiation. Whether it could have been made to result differently, had the usual weapons of diplomacy been employed, is a question into which I do not pretend to enter."

COMMUNICATED.

Is it Christianity?

DEAR BUGLE:

There is little else that occasions me more pain than to be obliged to take exception to, or call in question, the propriety or correctness of the religious course of others, as we value consistency, as we would defend Christianity as taught by the Divine Author, we often find ourselves necessitated to take exceptions to much that seeks to be endorsed by community as the religion of Jesus.

Our Methodist friends have been putting forth a "special effort" in this place for the last few days, with reference to the end of promoting a "revival," and I must be excused if I take the liberty to suggest a few considerations which make it a question in my mind, whether the more of good or of evil is the result of efforts of this character. Who, that is a careful observer of the form of proceeding with the older sects on occasions of the kind we refer to, can fail to see that the sum of the effort, the legitimate tendency of the whole course of proceeding is to beget in the minds of the people, and especially those coming more immediately under the influence of the effort, the idea that the claims of Christianity will have been met by them if they yield a hearty assent to certain dogmas, connect themselves with some religious sect, and observe the usages of that sect. Not a single human duty is ever presented—so far from it indeed, if any happen to have an idea of Christianity beyond simple faith and exercises, and take the liberty to suggest it, why, it is out of place, that's all.

To be a little more particular. There are a few around here who take the liberty to believe that God is no respecter of persons, and that consistent action growing out of that faith would be to regard no place or position too sacred to labor and pray for one-sixth of our fellow-citizens, who are by law forbidden to know anything truly of God, or "the Lord that bought them." That in seeking to induce people to repent of their sins, and lead new lives, this, their most heinous sin, should be presented, with the absolute necessity, as they would have God's pleasure, of taking a position where they would be clear in this matter. Well, as we had opportunity, we made these suggestions, to our friends, but not one could be induced to think it would be in place to say any thing in regard to the slave. One good anti-slavery sister, however, was a bit of a thorn in the flesh to them. She took the liberty in conference meeting one day to call the attention of the meeting to their duty to the slave. The effect was a silence as of death for a short time, when the minister requested that they speak on, but "speak to the point."—Yes, to refer to the chained is always foreign from the point with a Methodist priest! I have been told that occasionally during the meeting he fell into the hands of those who would call his attention to the case of the slave, but the sum of his response was, "I cannot lay off the mantle of divinity to preach abolition!" Yet, strange to say, he claims to be anti-slavery! Well now who does not see that the result of religious sentiments imbibed under circumstances like these, is, to beget the impression that, if we owe a duty to the slave, which is doubtful, it is of such a character as to have no connection with our religion, but must be attended to when we have the least religious feeling—and so, as in the case of a special outpouring, when we would have most of the love of God in our hearts, we must have the greatest possible unconcern for his creatures! This is just the effect of such a course, and no honest man will deny it. The ministers will not open their mouth for the dumb, and just in proportion as they have influence in community, do they shut up the ears of the people to those who would speak out on this absorbing subject. Is it, then, Christianity?

LET THE SLAVE ANSWER.

But I am not through with this meeting. As usual, the bug-bear of "INFIDEL" was sounded to the people. At an early stage of the meeting I sent a respectful invitation to the ministers to call on me. But no! poor cowards, so far from it, if they wished to see the friend who works in the shop with me, they would call at his house and send a child for him. One of them gave, as a reason why he should not call on me, that he "had no affinity for my atmosphere." I addressed to him the following note:

Rev. JOHN McCLAIN—Sir:—I believe the Methodist Episcopal Church anti-Christian, and essentially sinful. 1st, Because it is a slaveholding and slavery-sustaining Church. 2d. Because it is a war-approving and war-sustaining Church. I believe in the Christian religion, and "have a desire to flee the wrath to come." Will you receive my name as a probationer in said church, giving me the right, as in duty bound, to show the church their sin in these particulars!

With due respect,
E. F. CURTIS.

March 19th, 1849.

P. S. If you are so far wanting in "affinity for my atmosphere" as to render a personal interview in any manner dangerous to you, please answer this by note.

E. F. C.

To this proposition I received no response. The insignificance of the source from whence it emanated cannot be pleaded, as the continued use of the stale old word "infidel," with sundry like slanderous epithets, bear faithful evidence. Why, then, did my proposition not receive a favorable answer? I firmly believe it is because they are satisfied of the truth of my charges, and they do not care that the members should know the evidence of their truth! If they believe them to exist only in imagination, would they hesitate? How easy to remove the imaginary evidence; satisfying the people of the purity of the Church, and, saving a soul from "infidelity," would cover a multitude of "opposing influences."

Till the end,
E. F. CURTIS.
Orangeville, March 25, 1849.

FRIENDS EDITORS:

I hold it strictly true, that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." And holding this true, I believe it to be the duty of all philanthropists to expose whatever is prejudicial to liberty, no matter by whom the wrong is done. If the cause of human freedom suffers by the hand of an individual in high station, or in a situation where he has extensive influence over others, then is there much greater need of rebuke, for the reason, that in proportion to the influence he possesses will be the injury produced.

Acting upon this principle, I wish to notice two or three specimens of our opponents in this vicinity. And first, I would remark, by way of preface, that perhaps it is not generally known to the readers of the Bugle, that there has been a glorious revival of anti-slavery sentiment in a portion of Rootstown, in this County. This revival commenced about fifteen months since, and was what sectarians would call a "protracted effort." During its progress, several members of the Methodist Episcopal Church were pricked to the heart, and hopefully converted to the truly wholesome doctrine of "No union with slaveholders." Of course such a movement, by members of the church, could not escape the watchful eye of the "preacher in charge," and consequently the thunder of Methodist Episcopal artillery was soon heard on all sides against the movement. In short, the utmost effort was put forth to crush this anti-slavery feeling, individuals were visited privately, and every method resorted to, which priestly ingenuity and cunning could devise, to win them from the truth—but all to no purpose. At last most of them left the church. Among those who did not withdraw, was Mr. C. A few weeks since, this Mr. C. was called upon by the Rev. Carlos Chapman, a Methodist minister on the Edinburg Circuit, of which Circuit, Rootstown forms a part. Mr. Chapman demanded of Mr. C., the reason why he did not attend the meetings of the Church. Mr. C. alluded to the pro-slavery position of the Church as one reason, and among other things, he said that the government of the M. E. Church was tyrannical, anti-republican, &c. Thereupon Mr. Chapman cautioned him against using such language, or he would be "dealt with!" In other words, that the recusant would be summoned to appear before the august inquisition of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for opinion's sake! The result of Mr. Chapman's visit was not as favorable as he could have wished, and ended with a declaration, on the part of the enlightened member, that he was yet a free moral agent, and needed no leading string. For during thus to speak out, and express his opinions, he will probably be "dealt with." What a pity it is that he could not relish the hooks of Methodism instead of more secular food!

Thus we see that the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Rootstown are not allowed to think for themselves; or if, for the sake of being a little indulgent, Mr. Chapman allows them to think, they must not give expression to their thoughts. I presume this exalted Rev. wishes to do all the thinking himself, the dear soul! The truth is, the members of the M. E. Church, are reduced to a state of vassalage,—and this is why they are so completely under the dictation of the priesthood. They are slaves themselves, and their ministers are the drivers. Until they throw off their shackles, we can hope for no aid from them in the great work of rescuing our countrymen from bondage.

But I have digressed, and forgotten my text. I am credibly informed that Carlos Chapman voted for that renowned man-thief, Zachary Taylor. This is in harmony with his course—for a man that supports an oppressor, is induced to oppress those beneath him. The Rev. John Bain, the "wolf" who has charge of the Methodist "flock" in this place, also voted for "Old Zack." This same John Bain, at a meeting of the Portage

County Bible Society, held in Windham Township, on the 7th of February last, addressed that body from the words, "Love one another;"—a very good text, and one which it becomes all Taylor men to ponder upon.

The Township of Edinburg, in this County, is well supplied with pro-slavery filth, in the shape of superannuated Methodist preachers—which is interpreted to mean those worn out in the service of the Church. Alas, for the cause of humanity, they are as active as ever in the cause of Satan, their lord and master. They lose no opportunity to do violence to the cause of freedom, and if an anti-slavery meeting is proposed to be held in the township, the highest ambition of these worthies is to render it a failure.

I presume that Methodism in this vicinity is a fair index to Methodism everywhere in the United States. And thus we behold a great work before us, in ridding these sectarians of the fetters which prevent their co-operation with us. Friends, let us address ourselves to the task with more zeal and energy than ever, and we shall ultimately reap a glorious harvest.

Yours, always,
SPECTATOR.
RAVENNA, April 6th, 1849.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, APRIL 13, 1849.

"I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT—THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS. Edmund Burke."

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE American Anti-Slavery Society.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the Tabernacle, Broadway, New-York, on Tuesday, the 8th day of May next.

The Annual Meeting of the American Society is the most important anti-slavery meeting held any where during the year.

The Anniversary at the Tabernacle represents to the country at large the progress, the efficiency, and even the existence, of the Anti-Slavery cause. It is to vast numbers of people, the only sign of the continued zeal and spirit of the Abolitionists, whose local meetings they never hear of.

The Business Meetings of the Society have always brought together in counsel a large number of Abolitionists from various parts of the Northern States than is ever convened on any other occasion. The general interests of the cause command, at that time, a consideration which at no other can be given them.

It has never, since the formation of the Society, been more apparent than at this moment, that the Anti-Slavery cause is left where it ever has been, in the hands of the members of the American Society. There is as yet no reason to suppose that Slavery will ever be abolished, except through its efforts.

The general importance of the annual meeting, and the aspect of the cause at this moment, which gives us every thing to hope for if we persevere—every thing to fear if we falter—appeal alike loudly to Abolitionists, all over the land, to make the ensuing Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society one that shall do more even than any previous one has done to drive the South to despair in defence of its felonious system of society, and the North to a more determined attitude, than any portion of it has ever ventured to assume in defence of its own rights, and the assertion of the rights of the slave.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.
WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.
S. H. GAY.

The Society of Friends—its early Anti-Slavery Action.

In a former article we confined our notice to the action of Friends in England from their organization down to the abolition of the African slave-trade. The course pursued by Friends in America was similar to that adopted by their trans-atlantic brethren. There was, however a difference in their situation; the former lived in a country where slavery existed, and where the horrors and enormities of the system were continually before them; and although this would enable them to act with greater efficiency, they had greater difficulties to contend with. The public sentiment in favor of slavery was stronger than that which prevailed in England. The laws were unfavorable to emancipation, and in the southern parts of the country almost amounted to a total prohibition. Many of the members of the society were directly engaged in slaveholding, and strongly opposed to any action against the system. Yet so early as 1688, some German Friends who had settled in Pennsylvania, introduced the subject into the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, urging upon its members the inconsistency of slavery with the principles of Christianity. These were they to whom the Quaker poet, Whit-tier, referred, when he wrote of

"That brother-band,
The sorrowing exiles from their 'Father land,'
Leaving their bones in Kriehstien's bowers of vine,
And the blue beauty of their glorious Rhine,
To seek amid our solemn depths of wood
Freedom from man, and holy peace with God;
Who first of all their testimonial gave
Against the oppressor,—for the outcast slave."

It was not, however, until 1754—so slow was the growth of anti-slavery principles—

that the meeting was prepared to act officially, and to issue, even a qualified protest, against slavery and the slave-trade. In that year they published an address, exhorting their members to refrain from the purchase or importation of slaves; and when they did possess them, they were desired to

"Make it your constant care to watch over for good, instructing them in the fear of God, and the knowledge of the gospel of Christ, that they may answer the end of their creation, and that God may be glorified and honored by them as well as by us; and so train them up, that if you should come to behold their unhappy situation, in the same light that many worthy men, who are at rest, have done, and many of your brethren now do, and should think it your duty to set them free, that they may be more capable of making use of their liberty. How can we be said to love our brethren, who bring, or for selfish ends, keep them in bondage? Do we act consistently with this noble principle who lay such heavy burdens on our fellow creatures. Do we consider that they are called, and do we sincerely desire they may become heirs with us in glory, and that they may rejoice in the liberty of the sons of God, whilst we are withholding from them the common liberties of mankind! Or can the spirit of God, by which we have always professed to be led, be the author of these oppressive and unrighteous measures? Or do we not thereby manifest that temporal interest hath more influence on our conduct herein, than the dictates of that merciful, holy, and unerring Guide?"

In 1775, twenty one years after the issuing of their first address upon the subject, they adopted a rule of Discipline, forbidding their members to engage in the buying or importation of slaves; and in 1776, required that all who were slaveholders should manumit their slaves or be disowned from membership. The Yearly Meetings of New-England, New-York, Maryland, Carolina and Georgia in the course of time followed the example thus set them, and the society became purged of slaveholding members. The position thus assumed by Friends was greatly in advance of the age; and their testimony against the buying and selling of their fellow men, shone all the brighter because of the more than midnight darkness which prevailed—it was a testimony, which, as much as any other, marked the Friends of former days, as "a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

In America, as in England, members of the society were to be found, whose sphere of labor was not confined within the bounds of the religious organization with which they were connected, who were not content with its official action, but felt their individual responsibilities, and the need of individual labor whenever and wherever they deemed it would be useful. Among the first to engage in the work was William Burling of Long Island, and Ralph Sandford of Philadelphia. The latter wrote a work against slavery in 1729, and though threatened by the Chief Judge of Pennsylvania if he should publish it, he was not to be deterred from the performance of his duty, but printed and circulated it free of expense.

Soon after this, the eccentric Benjamin Lay removed from Barbadoes to Pennsylvania, and greatly aided to keep alive the anti-slavery agitation which was then beginning to prevail among Friends. His plainness of speech, his energy of character and his constant testimony against the sinfulness of slaveholding awakened many, who, under a less energetic and peculiar preacher, would have remained in a state of indifference. His manner and his speech was truly peculiar, as will be inferred from the following facts. Lay used to be a constant attendant at Monthly Meetings, and whenever any slaveholding member attempted to speak, he would cry out "There's another negro master!" This was a "plainness of speech" which many regarded as unequalled for by the Discipline, and was extremely distasteful to the members generally. One of his neighbors held a negro girl as a slave, and Lay, who had labored with them unsuccessfully for her redemption, at length adopted an effectual means to make them feel the wrongs they were inflicting. He met their son, a lad of six years, and coaxed him to go home with him. The parents vainly sought their child, and toward night came to Lay, exclaiming in agony "Oh, Benjamin! Our child has been missing all day." He replied, "Your child is safe in my house, and you may now conceive of the sorrow you inflict upon the parents of the negro girl you hold in slavery, for she was torn from them by me."

John Woolman, of New York, was another unwearied advocate of the slave's cause; and the principles he espoused in youth, he faithfully maintained till death. Though mild and gentle in language and in spirit, no one could stand firmer for the truth than did he. His ministrations were unlike those of Benjamin Lay; but as Luther and Melancthon were both needed in the protestant reformation, so was the ardent soul of Lay, and the gentle spirit of Woolman both necessary agents in accomplishing the work to which they gave themselves. Woolman was a preacher in the society, and traveled extensively, not only in America, but in England; and wherever he went, in the South as in the North, on this as on the other side of the Atlantic, he ceased not to remember, and to plead for the deliverance of the bondman.—

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

The following extracts from his journal will be interesting as indicative of the character of the man,—the latter illustrating to some extent the power of strict consistency.

The first is dated 1742.

"My employer having a negro woman, sold her, and desired me to write a bill of sale, the man being waiting who bought her. The thing was sudden; and though I felt uneasy at the thoughts of writing an instrument of slavery for one of my fellow-creatures, yet I remembered I was hired by the year, that it was my master who directed me to do it, and that it was an elderly man, a member of our society, who bought her; so through weakness, I gave way, and wrote it; but at the execution of it, I was so afflicted in my mind, that I said before my master and the friend, that I believed slave-keeping to be a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion. . . . Some time after this, a young man of our society, spoke to me to write a conveyance of a slave to him; he having lately taken a negro into his house. I told him I was not easy to write it; for though many of our meetings, and in other places kept slaves, I still believed the practice was not right; and desired to be excused from the writing. I spoke to him in good will; and he told me that keeping slaves was not altogether agreeable to his mind; but that the slave being a gift made to his wife, he had accepted her."

The second extract was written in 1755.

"An ancient man of good estate in the neighborhood, came to my home to get his will written. He had young negroes; and I asked him privately how he purposed to dispose of them. He told me; I then said, I cannot write thy will without breaking my own peace; and respectfully gave him my reasons for it. He signified he had a choice I should have written it; but as I could not, consistently with my conscience, he did not desire it; and so he got it written by some other person. A few years after, there being great alterations in his family, he came again to get me to write his will. His negroes were yet young; and his son, to whom he intended to give them, was, since he first spoke to me, from a libertine become a sober young man; and he supposed that I would have been free on that account to write it.—We had much friendly talk on the subject, and then deferred it. A few days after he came again, and directed their freedom, I then wrote his will."

"A neighbor received a bad bruise in his body, and sent for me to bleed him; which having done, he desired me to write his will. I took notes; and amongst other things, he told me to which of his children he gave his young negro. I considered the pain and distress he was in, and knew not how it would end; so I wrote his will, save only that part concerning his slave, and carrying it to his bedside, read it to him. I then told him in a friendly way, that I could not write any instrument by which my fellow creatures were made slaves, without bringing trouble on my own mind. . . . We then had a serious conference on the subject; at length, he agreeing to set her free, I finished the will."

Anthony Benezet, another devoted champion of the negro's cause in early times, was an active member of the Society of Friends. As Woolman, succeeded Lay, so Benezet succeeded Woolman. Whittier thus groups them:—

"Lay's ardent soul—and Benezet the mild, Steadfast in faith, yet gentle as a child— Mock-hearted Woolman."

Benezet wrote and published much against slavery; and engaged in an extensive correspondence with those who he thought would feel interested in promoting its overthrow.—Among his correspondents were Sharpe, Whitfield, and Wesley. He was especially interested in the welfare of the free-colored people, and established schools among them. He was himself an instructor in one of them; and in his will directed that after the death of his widow, his entire fortune—which was the saving of fifty years of industry—should, with the exception of a few small legacies, be applied to its support.—His anti-slavery efforts were energetic and well directed; and he was one who never wearied in any work that could benefit humanity. Clarkson says,

"Anthony Benezet, may be considered as one of the most zealous, vigilant and active advocates, which the cause of the oppressed Africans ever had. He seemed to have been born and to have lived for the promotion of it, and therefore he never omitted the least opportunity of serving it."

He lived a long life of active benevolence; and when his remains were to be committed to the earth, they were followed to their last resting place by thousands, and amid the crowd that surrounded the grave were hundreds of colored men whom he had personally benefited, and who felt that he was also the benefactor of the race. An officer of the American army who was present at his burial, emphatically said, "I would rather be Anthony Benezet in that coffin, than George Washington in all his glory!"

The Friends in America had no more dread of "the mixture," no more fear of contamination by contact with those out of their own society, than had their English brethren. Accordingly we find them uniting with others to promote the cause that was dear to their hearts. In 1774, through the exertions of the celebrated Dr. Rush of Philadelphia,

and James Pemberton a distinguished member of the Society of Friends, an association was formed of those who were interested in the cause of the slave and the free colored man. James Pemberton was one of its Vice Presidents, and many other influential Friends became members. It was chartered by the State of Pennsylvania in 1789, under the name of "The Pennsylvania Society for promoting the abolition of slavery, and for the relief of Free Negroes unlawfully held in bondage, and for improving the condition of the African Race." This Society did much to disseminate anti-slavery truth, and to protect the free colored man from the prowling kidnapper, often rescuing him when deliverance seemed almost hopeless.

"Fugitives from Slavery."

An interesting article from the "Christian Citizen" will be found on our first page under the above caption. We are glad the editor is beginning to more fully appreciate his position as a member of the Federal government, and hope that a careful examination of the ground upon which he stands, will lead him to abandon his connection with it. We think he may now be regarded as under conviction, for in the article referred to, he says,

"In our compromises with slavery, we have not only nullified God's laws, but placed ourselves in a position more degrading than the meanest subjects of the worst despots have ever cursed the earth."

Are not the compromisers who thus nullified God's law, guilty in His sight? Are they not individually responsible for all the evils and wrongs that may result from the compromise? We presume the editor would not desire to roll off the responsibilities which belong to individuals upon the State, or to divide the guilt of the act by the number of transgressors; and unless he does either the one or the other, we see not how he can avoid crying out "I am verily guilty concerning my brother."

He asserts that in the political bargain Massachusetts made with the South, she threw in her Christianity as a make-weight, consented that the laws of slavery should be paramount with her to the laws of God, and that her soil should ever be hallowed ground for the negro-driver. Where does he find evidence of these disgraceful—these damning facts? Unless he reads it in the U. S. Constitution, he can find no other binding record of the terms of the compromise; and if he does read it there, what, we ask, gives force and vitality to that parchment which is, in itself, powerless for good or evil? Does he reply, The determination of living men to uphold and execute it. True, nothing else can give efficiency to it. But who are they that thus make the Constitution the Supreme Law of the land? Is it the Disunionists who repudiate it and are laboring for its overthrow; or the voters who personally or by their agents swear to uphold it? Does the editor of the "Citizen" train under the Disunion banner, or rally to the support of the Union flag?—the latter, we feel assured, unless conversion speedily followed conversion.

His picture of Massachusetts religion and morals is truly a dark one. He says,

"A justice's warrant for the arrest of a fugitive slave, can overpower the religious sentiment of a whole community, as easily as the mountain torrent can overpower the fragile flowers that grow upon its bank. A constable's staff, in the hands of that official, is more than a match for the united moral power of the greatest cities. Before the writ of the sheriff, made out in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the writs of the Evangelists, the precepts of Jesus, the stone tablets of Sinai, become but as waste paper and rubbish."

The religious sentiment which is overpowered by a justice's warrant, is no religious sentiment, but mere cant which declaims against wrong, but consents with the wrong-doer. The "moral power" of the greatest cities which is swallowed up by a constable's staff as Aaron's rod swallowed up those of the magicians, is misnamed, for moral power is always superior to the power of law. The sheriff's writ represents the authority of Caesar, and to that authority the people of Massachusetts bow; they know no higher power—the Evangelists, Jesus and the tables of the law are not compelled to yield to the Sheriff, for the people know nothing of them, their Christianity has been "swapped off" for a union with slaveholders.

But we would not have moral power disparaged, or represented so inefficient as is done in the above quotation. Let all the citizens of Massachusetts—except the Executive officers—be to-day converted to Disunion principles, but remain otherwise unchanged. Would there then be any corner of the State in which a justice's warrant to arrest a fugitive slave could overpower the religious sentiment of freedom? Would there be even a small village whose moral power could be overmatched by a constable's staff? Could a single man be found to whom the Sheriff's writ would be more than so much blank paper? We trow not. And should the Executive call upon other States to aid him in exacting compliance with the terms of the repudiated compact, there would be other battle grounds in the Bay State as renowned as Bunker Hill or the plains of Concord.—Who does not believe it?

If the editor of the "Citizen" regards the compact made with the South as pro-slavery and anti-christian, he must surely desire its repudiation; and we see not how he can better effect this, than to do individually what

he wishes all to do, and then labor to bring others up to the same position, urging them to follow the example he has set them, and refuse longer to sustain, or promise to sustain laws "based upon a denial of Christ," which "nullify God's laws," "reconsider the rites of hospitality a crime," and which provides "that nowhere in all the length and breadth of Massachusetts shall there be one inch of ground upon which the slave may stand in the majesty of his freedom, and say, I too am a man."

SUICIDE.—Wm. Sprout, a tavern keeper of this place, left his home on Wednesday evening of last week without the knowledge of his family, and on the following Saturday night committed suicide at New Philadelphia, Tuscarawas Co. Various rumors are afloat concerning the motives which prompted the act, but we have heard no satisfactory reason assigned.

"PICK THE FLINT AND TRY AGAIN."—Some have supposed that Henry Clay had been forever withdrawn from the Presidential contest, that his friends would never again bring forward his name as a candidate for admission into the White House. This, it appears, is a mistake; for the "Pathfinder," in consideration of his anti-slavery progress as evinced in his recently proposed plan for emancipation in Kentucky, nominates him as a candidate for 1855, that being the earliest period at which any of the slaves will be freed by his scheme. Who knows but we may ourselves yet cast a ballot for "Harry of the West"; for if Kentucky adopts his plan, it will be the very last place upon earth where slavery will have a foothold; and pro-slavery constitutions will be given to the moles and bats long before then, for Disunion will have wrought its work.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE for April is a magnificent number. Its choicest embellishments are the "Return from the Warren," and "Emeralda"; which are beautiful specimens of engraving, and we think, are equal to any magazine illustrations we ever saw. Its literary contents are contributed by some of the best writers. A poem by Longfellow, we presume will be generally regarded as the brightest gem.

The following is from the "Scalpel," and we presume is from the pen of its editor, Dr. E. H. Dixon. Though the reader may not be disposed to admit all he advances, the article will well repay a perusal, and will probably furnish some suggestions as to the theory of the Cholera, and the proper mode of treating the disease, that may be made available. Practitioners of other schools would of course recommend other remedies in whole or part.

What do we know of Asiatic Cholera?

It is the disease of the wretched and the debilitated. This is no mere assertion; it is a fact proved by all observation, all experience.

We are glad that all we can say on this subject, is derived from the opinions of others, and hope this announcement will allay the apprehensions of those who might otherwise suppose that we are about to expatiate on our own skill. We have, it is true, had abundant opportunity of verifying the opinions advanced, by treating numbers of cases, during both the epidemics that have visited our city, but have not been able to add anything of value to what is known. In disclaiming all merit, we hope to convince the reader of entire disinterestedness in our very dogmatical opinions, for we share them, we are very confident, with every well-educated physician.

Every man of common humanity, should feel the great importance and duty of communicating the truth, uninfluenced by all private considerations, when endeavoring to guide popular opinion on such a subject.

The single point to which we shall endeavor steadily to direct the reader's attention, is this: Cholera attacks those, and those only, who are in a debilitated condition, from defective or insufficient nourishment, bad air, fear, grief, exhaustion from cold, excessive labor or exercise, and over-excitement of the emotions or passions, and intemperance in eating or drinking.

The reader who attempts to controvert this position, will do well carefully to read over again, the preceding paragraph, and when he clearly perceives the comprehensiveness of causes, he will, probably, be less inclined to question their efficacy. Indeed, cholera, typhus or ship fever, some forms of dysentery, and some other diseases, are so universally admitted by medical men to depend upon the organic strength of the constitution, either as the means of resisting or curing them, that probably very few intelligent persons will doubt our assertion.

Which of us, who thinks at all on such subjects, has not formed an estimate of the "strength of constitution" in such or such a friend or acquaintance? What does this mean, if it mean anything, but the power of resisting disease? But let us observe correctly; it is by no means the amount of flesh a person may possess, or the color his cheeks may show, by which we are to estimate his strength of constitution; it is rather his rigidity of muscle, his constant elasticity of step and speech, his powers of digestion, and

* The editor was physician to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum and House of Refuge, in 1852.

endurance of toil. Many persons who look remarkably well, have very little "organic strength;" they are languid, their flesh is soft, their digestion, though good (for on that depends a good color), produces flesh that is soft and puffy; they have no wiriness of sinew and muscle, no power of enduring toil.

Persons who have emphatically a good constitution, may be able to repel the great predisposing cause of cholera, though it be operating on them, as well as all others who surround them. Nay, they may resist all the causes we have enumerated above, except insufficient nourishment; for good and wholesome food is as absolutely essential to the daily preservation of health, as to the formation and preservation of a good constitution. What then is that power that enables some persons so positively to resist cholera? We answer, it is that "organic strength or contractility" of the small fibres of which every part of the body is made. These fibres themselves are mere blood-vessels, that is to say, arteries and veins; and nerves. It is this kind of strength so absolutely dependent on good food and temperance, that enables the blood-vessels to keep well closed, and to retain the more liquid or albuminous part of the blood; this comprises by far its largest portion, and is not only absolutely essential to life, as it is the substance of which the greater part of the body is composed, but being the most fluid of the three constituent parts of the blood, it distends the heart and blood-vessels, and provokes them to contract and send it over the body.

Now if, from want of a proper degree of contractility, derived from long continued and insufficient nourishment, bad air, intemperance, etc., etc., the small blood-vessels of the intestines, throughout their whole extent (some thirty feet), should, from some great and universal operating cause, cease in a few hours to exercise their feeble powers of contraction, and open their mouths like dead worms, would not all the more fluid part of the blood escape into the intestines, and pass off by rapid discharges from the bowels? It would, and does so; and that is the great characteristic symptom of cholera, viz., the rice-water stools, or, in other words, the serum or albuminous part of the blood. We have known it all pass off in a single hour, and of course death ensued, as the heart had nothing to act upon; these rapid cases always occur in persons whose contractility of tissue is very feeble; they are those who are broken down by the causes above mentioned.

But what is the cause that more immediately acts in producing this laxity of the blood-vessels to so many persons?—what is the CAUSE OF CHOLERA? The answer is—WE DO NOT KNOW; but we may be permitted to speculate. A want of electricity in the atmosphere is not only a probable, but a highly rational suggestion. Electricity and heat are so closely connected, that they may be supposed inseparable. The debilitated persons most liable to cholera, are, in all probability, less positively electrified; they certainly part with their heat with far more readiness than the robust, and will bear less exhaustion.—When the body is in high health, the circulation & contractility are good; and both are absolutely under the control of electricity: when artificially excited, a membrane or a muscle will instantly contract, and the small arteries which let out the sources of the blood into the intestines, and out of the skin by sweating, are under this influence in a very great degree. Fear acting directly as a depressing agent upon the nerves, and every minute blood-vessel being accompanied, and its powers of contracting being at all times controlled by its own peculiar nerve, it loses that power which it possesses when charged with its usual quantity of electricity. So well known are these facts, that some philosophers assert, that "electricity is life;" nor is it likely we shall ever get much nearer to the truth.

It seems to have attracted the attention of observers throughout the world, that the appearance of cholera has invariably been accompanied with a heavy state of the atmosphere, like the present month of December, hindering evaporation, and producing great moisture near the surface of the earth: this, as a necessary consequence, compels us to breathe through a less rarified medium whatever impurities are thrown off from the disorganization of the refuse matters accumulating in cities, and the decaying vegetables and animal life in the country.—This being most abundant in the filthy parts, or along the border of rivers, and the population in such places being predisposed from poor living and filth, the disease is more common and fatal in such places.

Suppose, then, we admit this theory of insufficient electricity, and a feeble organization predisposing to cholera, is there no other cause worth our observation that immediately precedes its appearance? Undoubtedly there is, and that cause is the arrival of persons in ships from ports where cholera exists.—What then, is it contagious? No—that term simply means contact. The itch is partially contagious, and small pox and scald head also. But it is evident to all, that touch does not convey cholera, because lodging in the same room, and even in the same bed, does not always do so.

It has what physicians call a "limited sphere of infection," for those only who are predisposed. Small pox is much more certainly infectious, as predisposition has no control over it; all, or near-

ly all, whether feeble or robust, who have not experienced the disease, or are not protected by vaccination, being almost certain to take it; indeed, we know it has swept off whole tribes of Indians, and cholera has never done that.

Nothing can be more idle than to deny the introduction of cholera by emigration; facts innumerable prove it; never mind how the first case ever known originated, we are not obliged to explain that—it would be absurd to attempt it—we never heard of cholera here, unless it existed in some place with which there was direct intercourse; nor is it of any consequence whether it could be traced or not directly to any one particular person; it is not to be supposed he would have been allowed to embark, if he was known to have it, but he may have the seeds of it within or about him, and they become developed, either by the loathsome impurities of an emigrant ship, or indeed under a combination of circumstances unknown to us. The most rigid quarantine should therefore be kept up; no persons, clothing, or bedding or woolsen goods being allowed entrance into the city, till all prospect of disease is removed from the one, and the other thoroughly aired and purified.

Diet and regimen.—When it does come, as fear is of all others the most debilitating agent, the mind should never expose themselves in the chambers of the sick. A debilitated person, perfectly free from fear, would, we firmly believe, if careful to avoid exhaustion, and using wholesome food, always escape the disease.

Great numbers of persons escape and make no difference in their diet, even the debilitated and imprudent, as well as the intemperate. Those who value directions will be careful to use that food most digestible, and avoid the causes already enumerated. Beef and mutton, boiled or roasted—broths of meat without vegetables—well boiled or roasted fowls—(never eaten cold,) stale bread, rice, and meaty potatoes, will do for the weakly and timid. If accustomed to wines, they should by no means be discontinued; good brandy is better, if it does not bind the bowels. If medicine must be taken, rhubarb is the best; but it had better be avoided altogether, unless under reliable advice. The announcements of the quack pill-mongers in the newspapers, are enough to make a man blush for the heartless cupidity of human nature, as set forth by these wretched traffickers in human life, and to make us desire the despotic laws of Germany to regulate the sale of medicine. When the bowels are disposed to be loose, we advise laudanum, in doses of two to twenty-five drops every four hours, according to the age. Warmth to the skin will, by preserving the heat of the body, retain the electricity and preserve the contractility. Flannel or muslin should be used, never linen. The person should make it a part of his religious duties to use the tepid bath and crush towel daily in winter and summer—and never to be chilled. We have known numbers of cases to come on with chills, from too little clothing or damp feet.

All we have as yet said, either of diet or medicine, relates to prevention.—When the diarrhea becomes active at any time during the existence of cholera, we would endeavor to stop it at once without regard to theory.

To do this and stop irritation as quickly as possible, we would place the patient between enough of blankets, not to sweat him, but to keep him warm. We would then give to an adult three grains of gun camphor, two of sugar of lead, and two of opium for the first dose; and rub the skin gently and assiduously with a flannel glove, or the foot of a woollen stocking on the hand, dipped in equal parts of dry flour and mustard. Violence is not necessary; continued gentle friction, without exposing the body to the air, by two or three pairs of hands, with intervals of a quarter or half an hour's rest, is the proper plan.

Should the first dose, as above directed, not sensibly stop the diarrhea, it should be repeated every hour till it does.—Meanwhile, give the patient (constantly), should he desire it after trying, and not else) small lumps of ice, which he may swallow. Iced water, or the coldest that can be had, may also be given in tea or table-spoonfuls as often as he can retain it; remember it is necessary to make up for the liquid he has so rapidly lost by stool; both ice and iced water will warm him, for it quiets the stomach, fills the veins, and thus keeps up the circulation and warmth, as we have already explained.

Should the disease still progress, and cramps and sweating set in, we would increase the doses to double the amount above directed, and give as many pills of Cayenne pepper, the size of a pea, as the stomach would bear; two or three at a time every fifteen minutes, in a spoonful of ice water and brandy. We have said that the electricity and heat of the body rapidly decreases in cholera; Cayenne pepper liberates more heat than any substance we can bear within the human stomach. We would never give calomel in any form whatever.

When the patient is recovering, his diet should consist exclusively of beef tea, with no vegetable, or even the fibre of the meat. He will soon bear it however, and should then have the tender loin of beef and rice alone; but if he have some special longing for some particular article of diet, we would be very careful not to deny it to him; we hold that the natural instincts are of all guides the most reliable.

As this article is for the people, we do not feel obliged to defend our views of treatment; the profession understand them. It would occupy too much space to explain them in the present number; we will cheerfully do so, should it be desired, in a future one. Let every one that is attacked send for an intelligent physician.

Fortunately for them, there are noble spirits in our profession, who are never backward in times of danger to fulfill their duty to the wretched.

SUICIDE BY A SLAVE.—The Nashville American says a negro girl, belonging to Mr. Louis C. Lisle, hung herself last week. Her mother had run off, and the girl being threatened with punishment if she did not give information as to the whereabouts of the runaway, committed suicide. Had the two persons referred to above been white slave in Constantinople, or some other place, the conduct of this self-sacrificing daughter would have been considered the highest degree heroic.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Salem, on the 31 inst., ENNA, only daughter of J. Thomas and Maria L. Boone, aged 14 months and 5 days.

Daughter, like the flowers of morning
That had gone from us away;
Fairest hues of earth adorning,
Withered lies while yet 'tis day!
Thou shalt rest secure from anguish
In thy narrow house below,
While alone our fond hearts languish,
And no more thy smiles we know.
Sleep, dear daughter, while above thee
Flows the sad and silent tear;
Oft at eve shall those who love thee
Weep and pray unnoticed here.

Departed this life on Fourth day the 4th inst., of Typhus Fever, RACHEL M. HILL, wife of William Hill, of Fairmount, Stark county, Ohio, in the 24th year of her age.

The deceased was one of those calm, peaceful spirits, whose presence was a blessing to the circle in which she moved, by the practical lessons which she taught, the principles of Peace were to her intuitive, and though seldom offending, she forgave offenses with all the generosity of a noble nature. By works more than words she proved herself the friend of the down-trodden and oppressed. The calmness and composure which characterized her whilst in health were most strikingly exemplified in her last illness. The circumstance of her death is peculiarly trying to her bereaved husband, who, within the space of one year, joined his destiny with hers. Friends and relatives mourn her loss, for she was beloved. But "death leaves a shining mark," and not infrequently calls the gifted and the good from labors to rewards. May her enjoyment be blissful as her life was innocent and peaceful.

Died, on the 5th inst., at the house of John Fawcett, SALEM, ELIZABETH, daughter of John Fawcett, in the 19th year of her age.

"We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look, O death,
For thee?"

COVERLET AND INGRAIN CARPET WEAVING.

The subscriber, thankful for past favors conferred the last season, takes this method to inform the public that he still continues in the well-known stand formerly carried on by James McLeran, in the Coverlet and Carpet business.

Directions.—For double coverlets spin the woollen yarn at least 12 cuts to the pound, double and twist 32 cuts, coloring 8 of it red, and 24 blue; or in the same proportions of any other two colors; double and twist of No. 5 cotton, 30 cuts for chain. He has two machines to weave the half-double coverlets. For No. 1, prepare the yarn as follows: double and twist of No. 7 cotton yarn 18 cuts, and 9 cuts of single yarn colored light blue for chain, with 18 cuts of double and twisted woollen, and 18 cuts of No. 5 for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 5 cotton yarn, 16 cuts double and twisted, and 8 cuts single, colored light blue, for the chain—17 cuts of double and twisted woollen, and one pound single white cotton for filling.—For these two machines spin the woollen yarn nine or ten cuts to the pound.

Plain and figured table linen, &c. woven, ROBERT HINSHILLWOOD, Green street, Salem, June 16th, 1848. 6m-149

SPELLING REFORM.

DEPOT OF PHONOGRAPHIC BOOKS!

THE following Phonetic works can be had at the SALEM BOOKSTORE, at Publishers' wholesale Prices. Teachers and Lecturers can therefore be supplied without the trouble and expense of sending East.

The Phonographic Class Book,	87 1/2 cts.
" Phonographic Reader,	95 "
" Phonotypic Reader,	17 1/2 "
" Phonotypic Chart,	50 "
First Lessons in Phonography,	63 "
Compendium,	06 "

Salem, March 9, 1849.—n38 of H. H.

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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

POETRY.

From the N. Y. Tribune.
THE OLD CLOCK IN THE HALL.

By R. H. STODDARD.

It stands in the corner of the room
Behind the door, in the shade and gloom,
In a heavy and antique case,
Rich mahogany, maple and oak.
Battered and scratched and dim with smoke,
And the hands are bent on the face!

The knob and hinges are red with rust,
The top of the mouldings covered with dust,
The panels are yellow with stains,
And a ragged web like a tattered pall
Runs from its side to the sombre wall,
And over the window panes.

The pendulum swings, the wheels go round,
Making a dull, monotonous sound,
As the vanishing moments fleet;
A "tick," like the falling of grains of sand,
As time was pouring from out his hand
The dust of years at his feet!

Years have vanished—forgotten years—
With all their sorrows and sins and tears,
And left their marks in the hall—
The old have died, the young grown old—
Generations have gone to mold,
And the Clock survives them all.

Beautiful girls have watched the hours,
Knitting at stands, or working flowers
In frames of "broderie fine"—
And mornings, the young folks playing late,
Wished the moments faster to "Eight,"
For the school began at "Nine!"

Mothers, with sons in distant lands,
Sorrowing, chid its tardy hands,
And dreamed of the meeting dear—
And wives whose husbands returned at night
Marked the time in the fading light,
And listened for footsteps near!

Blushing brides at their toilets gay,
In snowy robes on the happy day,
Have waited the hour to wed;
And sick folk tossing on beds of pain,
Gazed at the Clock again and again,
And watched beside the dead!

But years have vanished, and others fill
Their place, and the old Clock standeth still
Ticking as in its pride—
Summer, and Winter, day and night,
A Sexton chiming the Hours' flight,
Tolling the knell of Time!

January 7, 1849.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bastille.

By JOHN INMAN.

The history of man affords, probably, no more terrible and hideous exemplification of wanton cruelty; of the savage ferocity of unchecked power; and of human insensibility to the rights and sufferings of humanity, than is presented even in the imperfect records of the Bastille. The oppression of which it was at once the instrument and the scene, has never been told in all its horrors, and probably never will be; for, in the destruction of the edifice, there is no doubt that many writings perished, in which were preserved the names and partial histories of hundreds who, in the course of centuries, were immured within its gloomy cells; and of those hundreds, but three or four have given to the world a narrative of what they suffered in their confinement. In some instances, a mystory as impetrate as that of the grave, has continued even to this day, to envelope the history of the Bastille prisoners, as, for instance, in the case of the celebrated "Man in the Iron Mask," whose very name is still undiscovered, although many able writers have employed years in speculations and inquiries on the subject; in others, prisoners are known to have died in the Bastille, whose existence had been forgotten by the men who placed them there, and of the cause of whose imprisonment, resting, perhaps, in the mere caprice of some minister or court favorite, no hint has ever been discovered. Such was the case of Dussault, who was incarcerated by an order from the ambitious and sanguinary Richelieu, and who remained in the Bastille fifty years after that minister had gone to his account. Richelieu died in 1742, at which time Dussault had been eleven years a prisoner. The only knowledge of his offence that has come down to modern times, is in a letter that was found among the papers of the cardinal, after his death. It was written by Dussault, and is a moving appeal for mercy, made in vain. In this letter he says, "You are aware, my lord, that for eleven years you have subjected me to sufferings, and to endure a thousand deaths in the Bastille, where the most diabolical subjects of the king would still be worthy of compassion. How much more, then, ought it to be shown to me, whom you have doomed to rot there for having disobeyed your order, which had I performed it, would have condemned my soul to eternal torment, and me to pass into eternity with blood-stained hands." For this unknown act of disobedience to an injunction with which compliance would have been a crime, Dussault languished in the Bastille sixty-one years; and, for the last fifty years of his incarceration, it is probable that no better reason was known to his oppressors, than the simple fact that he had been there eleven years already. The cause of his punishment had gone to the grave with Richelieu, and successors of that minister appeared to have thought that, as they did not know why he was imprisoned, so they did not know why he should be set at liberty.

But the story of Latude Masers exhibits, in its broadest and most revolting

light, the atrocity of the political system under which the Bastille flourished. He is one of the few who have revealed the secrets of that prison-house; and his narrative, although long since out of print, and forgotten in the multitude of more recent wonders, is one of the most painful interesting that were ever put on record.

Latude Masers was the son of a nobleman, and was educated for the army; but the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle defeated his expectations of employment, and being in somewhat straightened circumstances, he went to Paris, at the age of twenty-five, in hope of obtaining some place at court. By a silly device, the object of which was merely to gain the favor of the notorious Marchioness of Pompadour, he unfortunately gave offence to that royal harlot, and by *lettre de cachet*, which she obtained from Louis the fifteenth, he was thrown into the Bastille, and afterwards into other prisons, whence he was not released until he was sixty years of age.

It was on the first of May, 1749, that he was conveyed to the Bastille, confounded, indeed, at his arrest, but entertaining strong hopes that his confinement would be brief, as his offence was venial; hopes in which he was confirmed by the degree of attention paid to his comfort, and by the assurance of Monsieur Berryer, the lieutenant of police, who promised to intercede for him with the marchioness, and made consoling predictions that her anger would quickly be appeased. He did not know the cruel and revengeful nature of the woman with whom he had to deal.

After four months of confinement in the Bastille, Masers was transferred to the castle of Vincennes, whence, at the end of nine months he contrived to make his escape, by a bold and ingenious effort. His first moments of liberty were employed in reflection upon his future course, the result of which was a romantic but most unfortunate determination to throw himself upon the generosity of his persecutor. He addressed a letter to the king, in which he professed contrition for his offence, implored the clemency of her to whom it had been given, and concluded by naming the place of his concealment. His answer was an immediate arrest and re-conveyance to the Bastille, with orders to cast him into the lowest and most unwholesome dungeon, and subject him to the harshest treatment.

For two years these orders were obeyed to the letter; but at the end of that time his friend the lieutenant, came again to his relief, and removed him to a better apartment. He did more; availing himself of his *entree* at the court, he made frequent and earnest appeals to the marchioness in behalf of the poor captive, but only with the calamitous effect of irritating her ferocious temper, and causing her to make a vow that her vengeance should be eternal.

From this time Masers again revolved in his mind projects of escape, in which, after nearly three years of patient, ingenious and unremitting labor, and at infinite peril of his life, he again succeeded; having no other implements than two iron hooks which he wrenched from a folding-table, a knife made from the steel of a tinder-box, ropes constructed of thread drawn from his linen shirts, of which he had, fortunately, a very large supply, and the small billets of wood with which he was supplied for fuel. With these poor aids he removed the iron gratings of the chimney, although firmly imbedded in the solid wall, constructed rope-ladders, one of which was a hundred and eighty feet long, and which altogether required fourteen hundred feet of rope, descended from the top of the chimney to the ground, a height of more than one hundred and fifty feet, swam the ditch, and finally broke through a wall four feet and a half in thickness; and at last had the felicity of finding himself once more at liberty, and beyond the walls of the hated prison in which he had so long languished.

By the assistance of a friend he succeeded in reaching the Netherlands; but even in that country he was not safe from the vengeance of the cruel woman who wielded the power of France, through the flaccid attachment of the king. He was actually seized in Amsterdam, with the consent of the States General, to whom he was represented by the French ambassador as a desperate and atrocious malefactor; and it is pretty well ascertained that bribery on a large scale was employed, in addition to calumny, to secure the victim of the unrelenting Pompadour. The tenacity of purpose with which she pursued the unfortunate Masers, is strikingly exhibited in the fact that no less a sum than one hundred and eighty thousand francs were expended in his recapture.

The return of the prisoner to Paris was signalized by the most ingenious and tormenting ill-usage; and on the sixteenth of June, 1758, he was again thrown into his old dungeon, where he remained for three years and a half. His bed was straw, and covering it had none. The only light admitted to his cell was through a loophole five inches in diameter; and he had neither chair or table. Here he was driven by the horrors of his solitude, to cultivate the friendship of the rats, by which his dungeon was infested, and with which he succeeded in establishing a degree of intimacy, so that they would come at his call, and even learned to recognize the names by which he distinguished them. He contrived also, even with his fettered hands, to make

a fagoleet of a piece of elder, that he found among his straw—a performance that cost him the labor of many months, his only tool being the buckle of his waist-band.

At length a fortunate overflowing of the Seine occasioned his removal to a room in one of the towers; not, however, through any consideration for him, but in consequence of the remonstrances of his jailer, who complained that he was obliged to wade through the water when he conveyed food to his prisoner. Although one of the worst apartments in the Bastille, the new abode of Masers was a palace to the dungeon he had left; yet he could not help regretting his separation from the friendly rats, by which his weary hours had been beguiled. As a substitute he succeeded in catching a pair of pigeons that sometimes perched on his window; but just as he had effected a good understanding between himself and his captives, his brutal turnkey insisted on killing them.

In April, 1764, the Marchioness of Pompadour died, but her death brought no mitigation to the sufferings of the unfortunate Masers. Her heirs had influence enough to continue his imprisonment, instigated by fear that if he should be released he would bring his action against them and recover damages for his wrongs. They found a willing instrument in Monsieur de Sartine, who was now lieutenant of police, and the imprisonment of Masers continued as rigorous as ever.

In August, 1764, he was again conveyed to Vincennes; and thence he again contrived to escape fifteen months afterward. Within little more than two months he was again arrested, re-conveyed to Vincennes, and there placed in a horrible dungeon, only six feet square, into which no ray of light entered, or breath of fresh air, save when the door was opened.

We have not room for an account of the cruelties here practised upon him, and of his ingenious devices to mitigate their severity, the detail of which would fill a volume. It was not until after the lapse of eleven years that he was released, and even then he was conveyed to a lunatic asylum, his enemies having imposed on the benevolent Malesherbee, who was now minister, a false tale of his insanity. Here he remained two years, and was then released, on condition that he should immediately leave Paris and take up his abode at Montangnac, his native place. Unfortunately his compliance with this condition was not so prompt as it should have been. He lingered in Paris to present a memorial to the king, soliciting some compensation for his sufferings, and the consequence was that he was again arrested, and confined in the Bicetre, the vilest of all criminal prisons in Paris, where he remained nearly four years, suffering dreadfully from disease, vermin and filth, and reduced to such a state that he courted death as a release from torment.

At length the time of his emancipation arrived; and it was to the zeal and perseverance of a noble-hearted woman that he owed it. A memorial which Masers had written, at the suggestion of one of the judges who had become interested in his story, was dropped in the street by a careless messenger to whom it had been intrusted, and was picked up by a young female, Madame Legros, the wife of a teacher, and herself carrying on business in a small way as a mercer. The envelope was torn by lying in the wet, and Madame Legros read the paper, in which the sufferings of Masers were briefly set forth. Her feelings were strongly excited by the narrative, and from that moment she devoted herself, with an enthusiasm of benevolence that wears the character of sublimity, to the task of rescuing the unhappy prisoner from his dungeon. For three years she persisted, in the face of discouragements such as might well overcome even a resolute spirit. She had to endure privations, losses, and atrocious calamities; was reduced to sell her ornaments, and part of her furniture, and to subsist on hard and scanty fare; yet she never paused for a moment from the pursuit of her object, nor was ever heard to utter a regret that she had engaged in it. Without relations, fortune or assistance, she undertook everything, and shrank from no danger or fatigue. She forced her way to the levees of ministers who alternately excited and extinguished her hopes—received her kindly and drove her away with rudeness—yet she never faltered, and at each repulse renewed her efforts with additional vigor. When within two months of her confinement she went from Paris to Versailles on foot, in the depth of winter—returned exhausted with disappointments—worked more than half the night to gain the means of subsistence for the following day, and then repaired again to Versailles, with a fortitude that no toil could weaken and no denial overcome.

At length her noble efforts were rewarded with success. After thirty-five years of imprisonment, Latude Masers, at the age of sixty, broken in health and spirits, was set at liberty, and compensated for his sufferings by a pension of eighty dollars per annum! Nine years afterwards, in 1793, he recovered heavy damages from the heirs of Madame de Pompadour, and, notwithstanding the severe trials his frame had undergone, lived until 1805, attaining the age of eighty years, the best of which were wasted in the Bastille and other prisons, to appease the angry spirit of a profligate and vindictive woman.

It is pleasing to know that the heroism of Madame Legros was not altogether unrewarded. Subscriptions were raised of sufficient amount to purchase annuities for her life, amounting to some fifteen hundred francs per annum, and the Montyon gold medal, annually given as the prize of virtue, was unanimously awarded to her by the French Academy. But her richest reward was in her own bosom, and in the admiration and respect of her cotemporaries throughout the civilized world,—wherever the story of Masers became known.

Physical Education.—Were Physiology universally understood, no man would think of erecting a mansion, without an apparatus for its thorough ventilation, at all times, any more than without windows for the admission of light. Apartments and flues for the ingress and egress of air, into and from sitting-rooms and sleeping-rooms, are as necessary to the architectural idea of a well finished house, as nasal orifices are to the anatomical idea of a man; and a dwelling, without the means of ventilation, is as incomplete and as unsightly as a man without a nose. A knowledge of this science would establish a new standard of beauty,—the classic standard of the Greeks, in which strength was a primary and indispensable element; and it would demonstrate the unspeakable folly and guilt of those matrimonial alliances, where hereditary disease, and even insanity itself, are wedded, and the health, mind, and happiness of a family of children are sacrificed, for the mercenary object of a dowry.—Hon. Horace Mann.

Hired Girls.—Heads of families may contribute much to the welfare and virtue of society without going beyond their own households. The domestics in their employ present a claim to kind consideration which too many overlook. An eastern paper says—"Young women compelled to go to service—to hire in other people's families to do house-work, are too generally kept at distance. They are not permitted to sit with the mistress or her children; and what is too often, and too generally the consequence?—We are social beings, and must have society; if we cannot find good, we are too apt to take up with bad, and the consequence too often is degradation and ruin. Why not permit your hired girls, when work is over, to sit in the same room with you and your children?—There they might learn what is good and useful, and go into the world to make virtuous and useful wives and mothers, and bless you for your kindness and consideration. A little culture and consideration might, and no doubt would, save a world of degradation, crime and misery. None of us know what may be the future situation of our own children. They too may, at some future day, be apprentices and hired domestics; and as we would they should be treated, so should we treat those whom misfortune or necessity has thrown into our employ."

THE AERIAL LOCOMOTIVE STARTED.—An exhibition of the model of Porter & Robjohn's Aerial Locomotive was made yesterday afternoon in the Exchange, and was perfectly successful. The float or spindle shaped balloon, made of gold beater's skin was about 10 feet long, to which was suspended a steam engine in miniature, weighing—fire, water, and all complete—about 3 or 4 lbs. Notwithstanding its diminutive size, the engine turned the light paddle wheels of the machine, with ease and kept it in motion as long as the water lasted. The rudder was set to fly the balloon in a circle. It was started from the eastern door of the Rotunda, and went up steadily, propelled by the engine, in a regular gyration to the roof—making two full circles on its way. Here, a weight having been attached, it descended in a spiral, following the set of the rudder, and landed safely. This experiment was repeated a second time with a like result, and so far as flying in a quiet atmosphere goes, the locomotive may be considered successful. It remains to be seen whether a large machine similarly constructed, would safely resist the violent commotions of the open air. There was a large number of persons present yesterday, who testified, by a hearty applause, their opinion of the exhibition.—N. Y. Tribune.

KIDNAPPING.—On the 12th ult., a fellow in the vicinity of Xenia, O., by the name of Hart, inveigled away with him a negro boy, about 12 years old. The boy had formerly belonged to a gentleman in Virginia, who brought him to this state three years ago, to be set free. Hart concealed the boy a while before starting, and it is thought he is making his way to a Slave State, for the purpose of selling him. The kidnappers name should be somewhat altered, so as to be Heartless.

Agricultural and Mercantile Pursuits Compared.

We would request every Farmer to commence reading the following amusing communication to the "Working Farmer," and we will venture a guess that they will read it through:

"How well I recollect the dread of passing a night in the country, while residing in New York. To ride to Barnum's was well enough, because we should be able to return by nightfall, but to stay all night in the country, and hear the monotonous croakings, the grave and scyophantic frog, and the im-

aginary pressure of the eternal stillness, all seemed things to be avoided; and in the morning, to be aroused before "the world was properly aired," and then to breakfast at an hour when digestion seemed to be asleep, and after breakfast, what an everlasting Sunday; and if perchance you should shake hands with any one, you would be presented with a horny substance, a sort of an apology for a hand, a thing covered with nodules like the back of a crocodile. The old people, too, they were severe, aye cruel—the idea of a beautiful girl being compelled to labor until absolutely tired, fatigued, and withal not even a piano in the house—dinner at twelve o'clock; what heathenish customs, none of the delights and excitements of the city, every person, healthy, and void of sympathy; even the sylphs in calico seemed to do their thoughts on mechanical principles, like the Governor of a steam engine. I pitied the country and those who resided in it. The world to me should have been the results of bricks and mortar entirely.

"All these were my impressions when first entering the arena of business, with flattering prospects, with hope as plenty as bunting, and like it, flag like, flaunting from the top of my anticipations. For some years I was successful, and my antipathy to the country continued; when my country relations came to town, they seemed to countenance with so much care, that I mistook it for meanness, and really felt that their hospitality when among them must have been forced, and not the free offering of kindly feeling.

"After a few years, some reverses came upon me, and from two to three o'clock were anxious hours. I feared the closing of a bank almost as much as a night in the country. I sighed for some business free of excessive cares, where profits should be large in proportion, and amounts to be handled smaller; where the risks should be lessened, and thus render the results more secure. I sometimes even thought that the farmer must be happy if he could only come in town in the evening, but still the thought of the frogs, crickets, &c., haunted my memory. Oh, fickle fortune, how blind you are, and what marvellous changes you can make with us! At last I lost all, and the supposed warmth of city friendship seemed to pass away like the proteptic glories, and at almost too late a date, I learned that the apparent coldness of farmers, was nearer the average of the amount of friendship that the human heart was really susceptible of, while the professed warmth of city friends was a sort of conventional acting, perpetrated on occasion, which when the occasion ceased, and the truth became convenient, sank far below the honest and not over painted warmth of the countryman. The evident necessity of reducing my expenses carried me to the country, and even to live there it became necessary to work a farm, to rise before "the world was aired;" to breakfast ere Sol was up; but digestion was not asleep then—even to dine at noon; my evenings were spent at home; I read Dickens' "Cricket on the Heath," and for the first time in my life, learned to know the real happiness of enjoying the society of my family. Even the crickets became favorites. I drained the ponds and low grounds, and thus got rid of the frogs. The infernal bill book of the old-time was a thing remembered as of a dream; the town excitements too, have lost their charm. In plain truth, I have learned to see things as they are, without the addition of pain. The morning air, the rising sun, the growing plant, are all pleasures now, and the city, (ah, how could I ever have been so spell bound!) seems but as a magnificent contrivance to cream together consumers and customers for our products, who are not only compelled to pay us for them, but to draw out a miserable, anxious existence, breathing foul air, while acting as factors; sacrificing half their lives, and three quarters of their happiness, for the privilege of swindling themselves into the belief that they are getting their share of this world's comforts by legitimate means.

"Poor benighted Gothamites, your early companion feels for you, see even your millionaires trading every morning to do the work of others as presidents or directors of banks, for a salary, which bears, in many cases but a sorry comparison with their own individual incomes; and why do they this? First, from pride, because they mistake the hearing of woful stories and ingenious lies from sycophants who want discounts for admission of their talents; and last, because the handling of, and talking about money, has become a habit; and such a man is the pastern to you, fatal delusion! Why don't you tell your young men that less than one in ten of such succeeds even in money making, much less in securing happiness; and that if the profits of the farmer should be but one tenth that of the merchant, still his vocation, under the doctrine of chances, should be preferred; because while industry always secures him competence, he is free from the chance of utter prostration; that when he has made a competency that he will have health to enjoy it; and in the making of it, he need not be annoyed as in mercantile pursuits. Tell them too, that the day is past when farmers were considered necessarily uneducated men—science and learning cary with them the elements for their own engrainment upon industry, and we now find our young gentlemen of fortune and education laboring in colleges to fit themselves for the farm. To what pursuit can the man of science apply his acquirements with better results to himself and others, than to agriculture. The chemist, the natural philosopher, the man of imaginative genius may each find vent in agriculture for all his wants. Let the wealthy citizens so advise their sons, and they may then hope to see their fortunes and their names pass to a fifth generation unimpaired; but not by giving them a mercantile education, for they well know that if they sustain themselves, and have their children penniless with such an education it is but the average of results.

Some hope to see their sons rank among the millionaires; if so, buy them lottery tickets; their chance is better than from mercantile transactions; take a policy for a large amount in their behalf, on some life-insurance against death by lightning, and their chance of receiving the amount insured, is fully as great as of being the one in the million who succeed in such attempts. Remember that great excess of fortune is useless, and that no field is so extensive for the acquiring of moderate wealth, for the safe investment of capital, as in agriculture. If you wish your sons to enjoy a fair opportunity for political preferment, recollect that the day is fast approaching when our public

men will be selected from among the agriculturalists. In plain soberness and truth, those in cities lose sight of the fact that in numbers, happiness and wealth, the agriculturalists of our country must be regarded as excelling; that by the improvements in the application of science to agriculture, the farmers, from necessity, are becoming highly educated, and that their influence in the body politic must soon give the place they are so justly entitled to in public consideration."

This and That.

LAMARTINE IN WANT.—Lamartine is collecting subscriptions for a new edition of his works. He leaves the subscribers at liberty to take any number of volumes they please, promises to print their names in the collection, and fixes the price of each volume at six francs. He says that he broaches this scheme to promote the interests of others; but, according to the London Literary Gazette, the real and unmistakable meaning of it is, that he is in such grievous want of money, as to be obliged to make an indirect appeal to the generosity of the public.—*Cin. Atlas.*

LAMARTINE IN WANT.—A variety of paragraphs on this subject are going about in the papers. The New York Tribune says, "for the benefit of those who are laying out their sympathy on M. Lamartine, we are happy to say that he has a very snug fortune of about two millions of francs still left, lives in an elegant style at Paris, rides in his own coach, and is in no danger of famishing by starvation."

BUSINESS CARDS.

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BOOK AND FANCY
JOB PRINTER,
SALEM, OHIO.

At the Office of the "Homestead Journal," on the shortest notice and on the lowest terms.
Office one door North of E. W. Williams' Store.
January 3rd, 49.

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.
BOOTS and SHOES, (Eastern and Western.) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at
THRESCOTTS.
Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

DAVID WOODRUFF,
MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES, &c.
A general assortment of carriages constantly on hand, made of the best materials and in the neatest style. All work warranted.
Shop on Main street, Salem, O.

FRUIT TREES.
The proprietor has on hand a handsome lot of FRUIT TREES, comprising Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum, and Cherry trees, and some Grape Vines and Ornamental Trees—all of which he will sell on reasonable terms at his residence in Goshen, Mahoning Co., 4 1/2 miles north-west of Salem.
ZACHARIAH JENKINS, Jr.
Augo 11th, 1848.

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Pelton's splendid outline Maps, Baldwin's pronouncing Geographical Gazetteer, and "Naylor's system of teaching Geography," for sale by J. Hambleton of this place. He is also prepared to give instruction to classes, or to individuals who wish to qualify themselves for teaching the science of Geography according to this new, superior, and (where tried) universally approved system. Address by letter or otherwise, Salem, Col., Co., O.
Oct. 6th, 1848.

Agents for the "Bugle."

OHIO.
New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and I. Johnson.
Columbiana; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvn.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Marlboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.
Lowellville; John Bissell.
Youngstown; J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme; Marsena Miller.
Selma; Thomas Swayne.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg; V. Nicholson.
Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickason.
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.
Bath; J. B. Lambert.
Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville; Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnaby.
Malta; Wm. Cope.
Richfield; Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Peor Lodi; Dr. Sill.
Chester; Roder; Adam Sanders.
Painesville; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell, and Wm. J. Bright.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.
Anchor Town; A. G. Richardson.
INDIANA.
Winchester; Clarkson Puckett.
Economy; Ira C. Maulsby.
Penn; John L. Michner.
PENNSYLVANIA
Pittsburgh; H. Vashon.